3 DECADES

A Short Memoir

Born 1996
Written 2026
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A shoutout to everyone and all people in my life. I did my best to include and represent all friends and family to the best of my ability. Thank you all for being there for me and for everything you guys have done in my life. You guys mean the world to me and I love each and every one of you. I hope you enjoy the story of my life up to this point.

PART I: THE EARLY YEARS

1996–2006 · Ages 0–10

1. The Beginning

It was a Tuesday at 8:31 p.m., I'm pretty sure anyways, when it all began. All I could see were nurses and doctors. My limbs were flailing around like a Friday night house party. I'm just playing; I have no idea because I don't remember. However, this is what my mom told me, and I was 6 pounds or something because I was born almost a month early. Thank the Lord for modern medicine. I would've been doorknob status without it (not alive). Sorry in advance for the style of humor; this is just how I roll, not to offend. Now carry on.

I was born in a hilly little rural town near the Appalachian Mountains of Tennessee, USA. Just a country bumpkin. My family on both sides is all American and from the state of Ohio, so the Midwest runs pretty deep in my veins also. My parents had settled in Charleston, South Carolina, to be beach bums for a couple of years before they moved to Morristown, Tennessee, for work and had me. They got a nice little crib for me and themselves. I'm talking about the house and my literal crib. Though they told me I didn't sleep much. This was on a probably cold day in 1996, when I popped violently struggling into the world and where the adventure (so far) began.

I was motivated to write this at the inspiration of other autobiographies and the idea of my own. A good friend wrote one, so it made me want to do the same. Figured I would take my turn at the bat. I'm too informal for a proper introduction, but there you go. The formatting was done by AI because I am also lazy, but this book itself and the words you are reading were all done by me. I digress.

Anyways, I spent my first couple of years sick as a dog, but people said I was a cute baby, so I guess I had that going for me. I couldn't walk for 18 months, so I'd scoot on my hind end around the house like a dog with an itch. Speaking of, check out my games on itch.io at the end of the book (at the time of the writing). Shameless plug. I'll do my best to keep the link up for the foreseeable future.

I was the first to be born. When I was about two, my first sister was born. We were the first two in a long bunch of five eventual munchkins, but we're all cool. But of course, I'm the coolest.

Our first couple of years were spent playing with stuffed Pokémon and hitting each other in the forehead with wooden blocks, but it was a good time. Things were good. My parents had two dogs, Amber and Ginger. A golden retriever and then a rescue mystery mix. I couldn't tell you more beyond that, really, because, you know, I don't remember. So I suppose my parents worked and raised little ones as parents tend to do. Props to them, because I'm sure it's not easy, though I don't have kids of my own. I'll go more into that, but my younger sister and I spent a good bit of time helping with my eventual siblings, so I can only imagine raising kids from scratch. Respect to my parents and all parents doing their all, first and foremost.

2. Family

My younger years were spent going to visit my grandparents and hanging out with my parents, grandparents, uncle, and baby sister where we lived. We would have occasional visits to Ohio to see the other side of the family and got to spend lots of time with my mom's side, in particular grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins. My pastimes at this time included crying, pooping on the floor, and sitting in my timeout chair. Per my mom, I was a pretty good kid and would just put myself in timeout when I knew I was acting a fool. Props to me.

I was fortunate enough to go to a nice little preschool and played boyfriend and girlfriend with one of the girls I had a crush on. She played along, and we would see each other at soccer practice. My parents thought it was nice. Of course, this was a childlike thing, so things never really went anywhere. BUT when I was in middle school, there were two kids who met each other in sixth grade and are married with three kids at thirty, so anything is possible.

I had fun and learned a lot in preschool and was terrible at soccer (oh yeah, I played soccer for a bit), but it kept my rambunctious self occupied after those long days in kindergarten through second grade or so. Around this time, my first little brother was born. I was playing video games and watching pro wrestling, so he had a good time getting suplexed into beanbags, and I had a fun time doing it. I was 7 when he was born.

When I turned 9, my other brother, the second-to-last sibling, was born. Things were more or less the same at this time. I quit soccer because I was terrible and no longer having fun, though I found casual soccer fun in my later years. This age was spent doing more or less the same, but now both my brothers were getting tossed

into beanbags on the weekends. I was careful as could be with my antics. After all, I wanted to be the next big wrestling superstar one day, so the more practice, the merrier.

We moved to a house a few blocks over, and things were good for a bit. My parents began to have trouble maintaining a relationship between 4 kids, full-time work for the both of them, and taking care of pets. They separated for about a year, then divorced when I was about 11 or 12. They're great friends now and wonderful co-parents to my siblings. So in hindsight, it was a tough time for us and them, but it worked out in the end.

PART II: MIDDLE & HIGH SCHOOL

2007–2014 · Ages 11–18

3. Middle School

My sister and I had spent the past few years hanging out with local neighborhood friends and school friends, and helping out with siblings and around the house.

We stayed between my grandma and grandpa's house and my mom's new place for a while. We also had many interactions with my uncle on my Dad's side growing up throughout childhood. An awesome uncle and a funny guy. My dad changed jobs and wound up commuting two hours one way at one point, until he eventually moved to the town he was commuting to when I was close to high school, and my grandparents followed. I was getting settled into middle school and making friends with the kids from the other elementary schools. I got to finish out middle school before moving to a new town and had just started high school. My sister was still in middle school, and my siblings in elementary. My parents settled into their new places, as did we, and we would go visit my dad a couple hours over every other weekend for a few years while staying primarily with my mom. They both did their best, worked hard, and did well in taking care of us.

We'd still visit Ohio from time to time to see my maternal grandparents and extended family on my mom's side (aunts, uncles, cousins, family pets, etc.) , and we spent lots of time with my paternal grandparents, parents, friends, and our uncle. Both my grandmothers are very artistic, and my late paternal grandmother left a collection of wonderful paintings. My biological maternal grandpa passed when I was a kid, but it sounds like he was a solid dude, and he was around and there for us to the fullest for as long as he could be. My mom still talks about him. I wish I could have gotten to know him. He was only fifty. Mom still speaks to him in dreams every now and then.

I consider my true grandpa to be the man who married my maternal grandma long before I was born, and they've both been wonderful and loving grandparents, just as my paternal grandparents have been. I love and appreciate all of them, as well as my parents, aunts, and uncles. Everyone does their best, plays their part, and stays in touch. All three of my grandpas are very intelligent as well, and excelled in their chosen career paths, as well as in parenthood and grandparenthood. Even though I'm younger, I'm proud of all of them. We are also blessed to have loving

aunts and uncles. Most of our aunts are married into the family and are awesome aunts. Our uncle on our Dad's side likes to travel and has always been around coming by which has been nice. Our other uncles live up in Ohio and have always been really cool and good to us.

We got to see them a lot during these years and grew very close to them. Many good memories were made, laughs were had, and much was learned. We continued to make friends, and my sis and I tried to guide our younger brothers as best we could as well. It was a good time.

4. High School

This is where things began to get interesting. My high school years were full of fun, yet also trouble, debauchery, and parties. My freshman year, we moved towns, closer to Knoxville. We stayed in a small and quiet town close to there. For a time, we were living in a townhouse with my mom and going to visit my dad at my paternal grandma's and grandpa's, as my maternal grandparents stayed in Ohio, while my paternal grandparents had made an agreement some time ago to follow us kids and stay nearby.

Once we got to this new town, we initially had a nanny stay to help out with stuff, as my mom worked as a full-time nurse. The nanny was helpful for a time, but eventually moved on. Desperate for help raising 4 kids at the time, my mom began dating someone who moved in with us. I won't focus too much on this individual, but let's just say he proceeded to assist with house chores and errands, though he wasn't the best father figure. My mother has addressed this with us time and time again, and we harbor no ill will over these years — just being honest.

He stayed for four years, and then he and my mom broke up, but he left us my wonderful youngest sister, whom I am 18 years older than. Talk about an age gap, haha. So at this point there were 5 kids, which would remain the amount.

During the high school years, I made a lot of friends and had a couple of very close friends whom I practically lived with, or who lived with us, on the weekends. We would smoke cigarettes, weed, play beer pong, and occasionally more, though we never delved too deep into that stuff. This is also where I began producing music and making beats, which is still a favorite hobby of mine. I made some great memories and excelled as an honorable B- student, and the classes I failed I went to summer school for. So school wasn't really my thing, but I graduated and got through it, so whatever. Stay in school, kids; it's good for your brain.

PART III: MARRIAGE & MILITARY

2015–2024 · Ages 19–27

5. Enlistment

Following in the steps of my grandpa, I needed some sort of structural and skilled pursuit, so I enlisted in the Army National Guard my junior year. I had initially planned on joining the Air Force, but I didn't know the difference between the Armed Forces and the National Guard (I mean, they kinda sound the same if you think about it. Not really? Well, anyways…)

I joined up towards the end of my junior year on a waiver because I was 17. I wound up scoring decently on the ASVAB, and my job was the safety portion of artillery. In the National Guard, you play soldier once a month, and two weeks to a month in the summer, besides state emergencies or deployment. Pretty much all of my service was spent with the one I loved. I'll get to more of her in a second.

The early years were calmer, in relationship and enlistment. Our training tempo was rigorous, but it wasn't difficult to hold down a job yet. I did my time, but my service proved to be more difficult on my mind and body than anticipated. I learned and grew a lot during it, but was ready to get out by the time I did.

I was activated to assist in the 2016 Gatlinburg wildfires and provide aid and relief for a week or so. I was awarded a coin for this, and it's easily the thing I'm the most proud of out of my entire term of service. I was also deployed for ten months to Poland, but that tied very closely into my marriage at the time. So I'll get more into that a bit later. All in all, I met a lot of good people, learned a lot, and it was a good run, but a very stressful one.

6. Meeting Her

This chapter is a meaningful one. This person left a huge impact on me. We spent almost every moment together for the longest time and did nearly everything together. You can probably see where this is going.

It started in the drive-through of Taco Bell when I had just graduated. She was working in the window, and I thought she was fine as aged wine. And she is. I asked for her number, and she politely said they were busy, with two more cars in line,

hahah. I understood and respected that, and moved on. I came through a second time and chickened out, plus my little brother was in the car as I was taking him home from baseball practice. Third time's the charm. I came through the line with the homie, and he dared me that I wouldn't. I figured the worst she could say was no, and she had to be nice at work. I worked my magic and left the store with her number. We started texting and hung out a week or two later. I was head over heels.

We began dating a month or two later. I took her to the movies, pulled roses out of my trunk, and asked her to be my girlfriend. She said yes. I can't explain how happy I was. I was on cloud nine, and this period of time was one of the best years of my entire life. After a couple of months, I drunk-texted that I loved her, per advice from my one friend when I asked. I then did it right and told her in person. This was reciprocated well, and we were falling deeper and deeper in love every single day.

I had moved from my mom's, but eventually moved back in with her before my upcoming Poland deployment, which I had found out about two years in advance. My mom was nice enough to let my girlfriend move in, as she was looking for a change of pace. She lived there for a year until I got deployed, when she got our first apartment all on her own. She was wonderful, hilarious, and super cool, drop-dead gorgeous, and a tremendous help. I was determined to spend the rest of my life with her at all costs.

7. The Wedding

Shortly before my deployment, we went to the courthouse and had a small wedding. This was after a month-long training stint, and I was getting sent to Poland a month later, so there wasn't much time. All in all, it went well, and we spent as much time together as we could. Most of my time was spent with her, my family, and my newly established in-laws. All in all, it was a good time. There's not much to say beyond that, as we had a real honeymoon when I got back from deployment and went to Myrtle Beach, South Carolina.

8. Deployment & Military Life

I was sent to Poland, where I spent nine months. One month was spent at Fort Hood, Texas, prepping. When in Poland, I spent most of my time during the day in the motorpool doing vehicle maintenance and going to formations. The evening

was mostly spent working out and on FaceTime with my new wife. The distance was hard, but the difficulty brought us closer.

During that time was when she got us into our first apartment and was working part-time as a waitress. On the weekends, I would go out and have a couple beers and then return to base to call her. I grew closer with some of my military friends, as there were six of us to a room and many 4-5 day-long field exercises. Around Valentine's Day, towards the last few months of the deployment, she flew out, and I met her in Warsaw. That was a great 4 days.

It was the longest ten months of my life, but I returned home and we enjoyed each other's company for a while. Things were different and, before long, began to shift.

9. Cracks Forming and Divorce

The next couple of years were a hybrid blend of some amazing times, conversations, and moments, as well as some of the toughest things I've ever had to go through. When they say the twenties are the best part of your life, I think that's highly subjective. I don't want to speak ill of her, because she isn't a bad person, and I wasn't perfect either. It got to a point where I couldn't do it anymore and left a cushy work-from-home IT job (well, I got fired, haha), a three-bedroom house in Atlanta, my car, and my wife, all in the same day, with nothing but a backpack. Talk about a restart.

I enjoyed the travels, the time spent, and everything we got to share, and I learned how close you could get to someone. Things unfortunately wound up falling apart, and we were officially divorced at the end of 2024.

> *Sidenote: Some other notable things that happened during my twenties were my sister graduating college with a master's in psychology and my two little brothers finishing high school. One brother began working and excels at his job (as does my sister who got her degree), and my other little brother is nearly finished with his degree at the time of writing and is a very gifted young man. My youngest sister is starting middle school and is a very smart, kind kid and a tremendous athlete. My parents and family have done a good job raising them. My parents are also great at their careers. My mom is a nurse, and my dad works with the blind. They've both been in these fields for decades (since before I was born) and are both experts in their crafts. My paternal uncle is a wonderful uncle and dude and skilled in many professions. My mom's partner builds houses and is a handyman and an expert in his craft as well. He does a great job and is an artist with what he does. My maternal uncles and aunts are all busy raising my little cousins and excelling in their lives. We don't see them as much, but it's always nice when we do. And my grandparents on both

> sides (aside from my late paternal grandma, may she rest in peace) are all doing well, enjoying their retirements, and are awesome grandparents to us all. My cousins are also good people, talented, and really cool, as is the rest of my family. A few summers ago, my Uncle took me to see family on my Dad's side I hadn't met since early childhood. They were also warm and welcoming and very good people. Also, a nod at my friends from school, the military, music, and other portions of my life for all the good times, memories, and support You guys have been great, everyone has. I love my family and friends dearly and am proud of all of them. Everyone in my life has been a blessing. Thanks to all of you.

PART IV: SINGLE LIFE & LATE TWENTIES

2024–2026 · Ages 27–29

10. The Aftermath, Rebuilding, and the Present

I left and quickly flew to Florida, where I stayed with my dad and brother for some months. It was a good time. I hit the gym, went to some clubs, and even traveled back after a while to stay in a car for a month. I got to see Orlando, Tampa, Miami, and the Space Coast. Lots of fun and good times.

I hung out with them and their dogs, and we would go to the park and occasional dinners, as well as movies and pizza. I'm too chicken to withstand hurricanes, so when one was coming through, I wished them well and got to go to Disney World with my mom, her boyfriend, and my youngest sister, which was lots of fun. Afterwards, I went back home to Tennessee for a year or so and continued to hang out and get my bearings together. I appreciate them letting me crash with them for so long while I got back on my feet. I've continued making music as a hobby, as well as using AI to make games and programs. I'm still figuring things out, but it's been a good run. If you've made it this far, thanks for reading.

LINKS TO MY OTHER CREATIONS

AI Works & Miscellaneous — Archive.org

AI Works & Miscellaneous:
https://archive.org/details/@backup_1849

Philosophy & Modern Translations — Archive.org

Philosophical Modern Translations:
https://archive.org/details/@wisdom_4_truth

Music — Archive.org

Friday Night Dance: EDM Mix Vol. 1 and other musical works:
https://archive.org/details/grav-s-friday-night-dance-edm-mix-vol-1

Games — itch.io

eons2eons:
https://eons2eons.itch.io/

Programs & Games — GitHub

eonstoeons:
https://github.com/eonstoeons